BY THE BAY

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By LUCIA ETTA LORING (SMITH)

THE FRONTISPIECE
FROM A BAS-RELIEF MODELED BY
BRADETTA L. SMITH

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TO T. W. C.

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THE THREE ISLANDS

WITHIN the Bay three islands rest,
The same hued verdure on each breast,
The same glad waves caress each one,
Yet hope begins, exists, is done,
As each its separate mission fills,
Obedient as the Government wills.

Upon the Island of To Be,
The youthful patriot trains for sea.
The Isle of Welcome greets with joy
The home-returning soldier boy.
The third Isle buries in its breast
The privileges men deem best,
And life is tragic; hope grows faint,
Upon the Island of Restraint.

DAWN ON THE BAY

A SILVER Bay within gray slopes
That circling girt it round,
Unclasped but at the ocean's throat
To greet the harbour-bound.
Above it veiling fog, low-hung,
Broods over city towers,
Awaiting in a calm suspense
The miracle of hours.

There comes a rippling wave of light
Across the distance gray,
A sun-kissed peak uplifts its head
To greet the dawn of day.
The fog, from sun-lit massacre,
Flees all along the line,
The dancing Bay is flushed and gay
With the hues of native wine.

VESPERTINE

A VESPERTINE tinting of copper and gold
Gilded the low-tide waterways,
And burnished schooners through the haze
Swept to their moorings gleaming and bold.
A rosy mist came streaking in
Above the clustered glistening spires,
And over the glow of the dead day's fires
It spread a length like a garment thin.
The business houses were blank and chilled,
They looked on throughfares hushed as the dead,
For noisy venders like wraiths had fled,
The hum of the city's traffic was stilled.
Like a gilded moth in its dying throes
Was the summer day at its peaceful close.

THE MIRACLE OF DAY

LIGHT up your fires, O Sun god!
For lo, a day is born,
And swathed in roseate tintings
Behold the infant morn!

Light up your fires, O Sun god!
For lo, a day has fled,
And lies, all-glorious mantled,
As lie the honored dead.

The sacrificial fires
Flame all the western way,
And human thought outreaches
To realms of Endless Day.

THE MIRAGE

AT SUNDOWN, on a Berkeley height
A field of poppies shimmered bright,
With sleepy flutter and drowsy bend,
Foretelling day was near an end.
The sun's reflected poppy hue
Illumined all the distant view,
And far across the golden Bay
Rose in mirage that earlier day;
A line of Fathers winding down
With naked followers, lean and brown,
And placed by one forgotten, dead,
The Mountain's cross upraised its head
To guide galleons that drifting wait
A breeze to sweep them through the Gate,
To where but hills of shifting sands
Lay where a busy City stands.

Then—sundown on a Berkeley height,
And fields of poppies shimmering bright.

THE DEMON CLOUD

A DEMON cloud that streaks the sky with fire,
Above the scalloped tops of trees to where
A city lies, across gray watery space;
A crimson cloud of restless heart desire,
Of things one knows but speaks of with a care,
Low-voiced and secret, with a warning face,
Those whispered thoughts that hurry out of sight,
Freighted with danger for the coming night!
The thread-like crescent of the moon peers out
Between the glowing bars, and patient bides,
While watching for the crimson cloud to fade,
She slowly grows the brighter for the rout
Of demon-hearted scarlet Thought that hides
Within the interval when night is made;
That Twilight of temptation, when the soul
Feels drawn to fiery depths beyond control.

OPALINE

THE sky has an opaline sheen,
Turquoise melting through gold into
roseate bloom,
With the silver flash of a curved blade
of a moon
Like a cimeter sharp and keen.
Where over the glistening Bay
You linger, so far away,
The masses of purplish blur
Outline the City's height,
And the flashing and vanishing lure
Of the Alcatraz light
Is like a mischievous eye.
Everything's fickle and changing, like opals,
tonight,
But not you nor I? Not you nor I.

THE LONE TREE

A LONE tree, black 'gainst a luminous
sky,
And the red-gold eye of a moon
That peers over purple upland high.
Then the faint far bit of an old-time tune
That flutters out from some distant door;
And the summer day will return no more.

THE CITY OF A THOUSAND EYES

LIKE some demon's wing, of a monstrous size,
Spread a flame-streaked cloud in the western skies,
Above a mass of tree and spire,
That shows as black as night,
While below, the City shore is bright
With gem-like lights from a thousand eyes.
Through a half-shut lid comes peering soon
The slim bright eye of a silver moon.
She plucks the feathers of sullen fire
From the wing-like cloud of fading ire,
Until she reigns supreme in her might;
From her curved throne of sapphire height
She sheds soft peace where the City lies
Asleep but for those thousand eyes.

A FANCY

LIKE a draped sarcophagus, in some ancient princess' tomb,
Does the Maiden mountain loom,
And above in azure gloom
Is a slender fiery moon,
With a single glittering star.
Is it Tamalpais or Egypt that we gaze on from afar?

MOONLIGHT ON THE BAY

HEN crimson pales, and gray becomes a blue
Intense and pure, illumined, yet serene,
With argent tintings of the softest sheen,
A witchery transforms the present view,
And veils it in a gossamer so new
That shadowy as a dream all things are seen,
Yet bright beneath an amethystine screen,—
And life takes on again a hopeful hue.
Illusively the fancies of a past
Flit to and fro within the silver gloom,
And smooth the edges of the present woes:
The leaden burdens of the day we cast
Into the radiant pathway of the moon,
And, lion-hearted, seek a cheered repose.

IN THE SHADOW

LIKE some dream of a vanished love-time,
All phantom-like, dim and gray,
Is the misty Bay and the mountains
At the close of the summer day,
Enwrapped in the world of shadows
Unreal as some alien shore,
And sad as the smile of a lover
Who is beloved no more.

THE TWO MOUNTAINS

ABOVE the Bay two mountains rise
And pierce the fog-line of the skies.
The Maiden sleeps with restful face
Outlined against the blue of space.
So has she slept for many a year
Nor feared Diablo frowning near.
She takes the stranger to her breast,
And shows a land with plenty blest.

Diablo with a mighty ire
Holds to his heritage of fire.
He strews obstructions at his feet,
The ardent climber to defeat;
With haughty bluntness claims his own,
And watches, from the clouds, alone.

WHEN PORTOLÁ CAME

WHEN Portolá first came, he tore
The veil of an obscurity
From this Bay country's gracious shore,
And gave it to a seeking world
In all its virgin purity.
His eyes beheld what now we see.
The joy he felt holds endless sway
Of pulsing pride in countless hearts;
For what he claimed is ours, today.
The veil of his obscurity
We rent for our fiesta gay.

THE ETERNAL VERDURE

SUNNY slopes with wild oats waving,
Starred with blue and glints of gold,
In your soft insistent raving
Do you mourn for days of old,
When the feet of vanished padres
Trod your green unbroken way,
And Don Gaspar, gazing o'er you,
Saw the shining distant Bay?
All those mighty ones, historic,
Long have slept in earthly graves,
But the green eternal verdure
In the breeze still proudly waves.

TAMALPAIS

"Only *man* knows discontent."

ARE you mourning in your sleep, maiden
mountain,
That you drape your head in grays?
Is it thought of other days
That have fled their destined ways
But to vanish into spray in Time's fountain?
Like Van Winkle, in the tale, would you waken?
Does the tread of climbing feet
Cause your waiting heart to beat
As when once the footsteps fleet
Of the Indian hunter trod in the bracken?

I am answered as I gaze, and upbraided,
For the gray gloom rolls away,
Moving slowly toward the Bay,
And your sun-lit slopes display
Green content with the depths purple-shaded.

A QUESTION

WHY still keep the name for our beautiful
flower
Of one who 's not seen it since that early
hour,
When the Russian ship Rurick was here in our Bay,
In sight of hills, poppy-hued, just as today?
Why from Dr. Eschscholtz not the honor reclaim,
Though Camisso, his friend, did establish the name?
It 's not spelt phonetic; it cannot be sung;
It 's an indrawn breath and a sneeze, in one:
Eschscholtzia.

The old Spanish name, when the century was young,
Like liquid gold, musically, flowed from the tongue.
This name was descriptive of shape and of hue,
Of the country's great wealth, and prosperity due.
'T was a name that was royal, and fitting as dower
For a royally tinted, a queen-poppy flower!
It makes her a-kin to our old missions gray,
Our mountains, and rivers, our towns, when we say:
Copa de Oro.

COPA DE ORO

OF FLOWERS, a matchless one!
Nurtured by fog and sun,
Seeded from golden sand
Dropped from the miner's hand,
Thou hast in silken fold
Blended the red and gold
Of skies, when suns belate
Drop through the Golden Gate.
Hearted with Spanish flame,
Goblet of gold, thy name,
Cling to the foothill's side
Strong in thy glorious pride,
Thou hast the richest ore,
Found on this golden shore.

EL CAMINO REAL

THE Royal Highway follows the shore,
One day's length from each Mission door;
A phantom roadway, when day has sped,
For it echoes to the patient tread
Of gownèd ones who rest and pray
Where moonlit ruins mark the way.
Their flitting shadows rest a while
'Neath crumbling arch devoid of tile,
While others at each new bronze bell
Send back a peal that all is well.
If you would tread this King's Highway,
It's free to all throughout the day,
But those who have a better right,
The phantom fathers, pass by night.

THE OLD GUITAR-PLAYER

IN A corner dim, on an old guitar,
As on its strings she played,
Forgotten memories came to life
In the old adobe's shade.
Remembered songs had a wondrous power,
As her thin brown fingers strayed,
For on the strings of my heart, alas,
Not on the guitar, she played.

* * * * * * *

With dancing rhythm the fantasy
Of old fiestas came to me.
All that had lived, and loved, and died,
Once sweet and gay with Spanish pride,
Now lived, and throbbed, and passed away,
While on those chords her fingers lay.
I'd give—if but to be once more—
A string has snapped. The dream is o'er.

THE SPANISH DANCER

A SCARLET skirt with a glittering band,
Black velvet bodice, and gay fringed sash,
A jaunty bolero, and fan in hand,
And a fragrant rose with a crimson flash
Peeping out from behind the filmy lace
That half-reveals, half-hides her face.
It's nothing new to you.

Her dark eyes glow with youthful fire,
While arching feet now tap, now trip,
Two graceful arms wave high and higher
At lithesome bending from the hip;
Kneeling, bending, leaping quick
To the castanets' gay click.
It's nothing new to you.

A whirl of skirts and flash of red,
The music stops with lingering hiss
As soft as her remembered kiss,
The saucy Spanish sprite has fled.
But underneath the bodice gay
She hides the heart she's danced away.
It's something new to you.

TO A FIELD OF ESCHSCHOLTZIAS

RARE sunset flowers of fiery hue, blending
The crimson and gold of the day that is ending,
You seeded from dust through pioneer fingers
To be a reminder of glory that lingers.
When through the Gold Gate the red sun is sinking,
You close your petals like sleepy eyes blinking,
A message you nod with haughty grace swaying
Your slender green stem with the weight of the saying.

THE PRESSED FLOWER

THE faded flower in the yellowed book,
In its dry flatness treasures not one look
Of airy grace, on slender stem once bent,
But from the dried reminder floats a scent,
So delicate but still so real, so fine,
The picture of that summer field's fair view
Rises in clearest outline—
And I dream of you.

ON THE HILL

THERE are strange sweet sounds when
the day is o'er,
The sleepy call of the brooding bird,
The lisp of the insect, and the blurred
Distant murmur from many a door;
The evening hymn of mingled cheer
Is a harmony good for the soul to hear.

THE PAUSE

WHEN the Day is reminiscent, and her gauzy blue and red
Drapes about the throat of evening when the summer sun has sped,
All the world that cares to listen hears the pausing of her heart,
Like the weary soul that lingers half-reluctant to depart,
Or the wave that pauses, poising, on the margin of the sand;
'T is the faltering of all things ere they seek the Never Land.

THE SECRET

A FOGGY sky with a stain of red,
Grim houses guarding a down-hill street,
And a secret sad in a friend's gray life,
Makes the world like a cloistered retreat.

DEMI-JOUR

DARK hilly masses form a frieze
Against the silver sky,
And through the jetty spurs of trees
The flower of night draws nigh;
The creamy blossom of a moon
With essence of a lotus bloom.
As one more day swings to the past
Recallèd dreams of life come fast.

A NOCTURNE

A SPRING nocturne of green and gold,
Vivid fields with cowslips starred,
The sky with rose and violet barred
Where moves a clear moon, slim and cold.

A purple mist and turquoise deep
Driving the ochre shine away,
And a stretch of livid gleaming Bay.
Beyond the rust-brown house-roof steep
On a cowslip hill is a leafy tree,
With dark cool shadows, moonlight tipped,
And there a maid, so tender-lipped,
Is waiting alone for me.

"THE ONE STAR"

THE deep blue pool of a summer sky
Is bounded by vague gray hills, afar,
And in the blue is a single star.
"The one star," a poet once said,
But sweetheart and poet sleep with the dead,
Yet his dream of the star will not die.

PORTOLÁ

IF FROM that strange mysterious
bourne
The early governor could return,
And standing on the hills afar
Hear everywhere of Portolá,
Would sometimes glints of mighty ire
Show in his dark eyes' glorious fire
To hear from cities by the Bay
Of Porto´la and Por´tola?
Or would he smile, content to see
The glory of his memory?

THE DESERTED CABIN

ALL MATTED lie the damp dead
leaves
On sodden paths unmarred by feet,
The dust-grimed windows' shrouded
gaze
Obscures an emptiness complete.
The rude hearth where home-fires burned
Is cold, and gray with ash upturned.
But through the mass of matted leaves
Some blades of tender green upspring;
The tangled garden growth is warm
With hint of bud and flowering thing;
And round the cabin windows twine
The scarlet buds of passion vine.

THE LURE OF THE WIND

ON MOUNTAIN top, at close of day, I gaze
on billowy trees,
I hear the rushing of the wind, like tide of
coming seas;
Far down below, and miles away, break waves in
foamy lines,
But echoing over waving trees, I hear the roar of
pines.

With palsied age the white-oaks shake, resisting
with their might;
The red Madrones, like Spain's coquettes, flirt with
the changing light;
The tasselled Redwoods, sensitive to lightest gasp of
breeze,
Are quivering with a tender grace amid the mass of
trees.

Above, around, below me swells the rising, restless
tide,
The siren call of mountain wind, Desire at her side.
Dry leaves are gathering near my feet, in pressure,
close and strong;
But I am of the earth no more; I hear the luring
song.

The damp, sweet breath of woods upstirs beneath
my restless tread
In protest, eloquent but vain—I go where dreams
are bred;
Those dreams of joy, exalted, pure, that on the
heights abide,
My soul upon the wild wind soars, subservient to
that tide.

THE RIVAL

FLASHING of yellow and dash of red,
Swinging rebosa and flirt of head,
I see you coming with dancing feet
To where the shadows kiss as they meet,
Querida, my querida (belovèd)!

To my embraces swiftly you run,
Red-cheeked amoura, joyous-eyed one!
The breath of rapture, love meeting flame,
As soft your warm lips whisper my name,
Querida, my querida!

Clinging the closer, your lips on mine,
I am soon drunken with love's sweet wine,
Blindfold, enravished, and deaf to all fear
As long, belovèd, as you are near,
Querida, my querida!

Keen is his anguish, noiseless his hate,
Flashes his blade with a severing fate.
Dios! We stagger. He lies at our feet.
Adios, dear one, until we meet,
Querida, my querida!

Flashing of yellow and dash of red,
Clinging rebosa and droop of head,
I watch you going with anxious heart
To where the shadows kiss as they part,
Querida, my querida!

THE RISING FOG

A SKY with brooding fog-bank gray,
Mist-shrouded hills, and gloomy Bay,
A sun that hides his face,
The damp of winter in the air,
And chilling quiet everywhere
That nothing can efface;
Then, in the East faint blue is seen,
While hill-slopes show a tender green
As sun-rays light their sides;
The western sky gleams silvery bright,
The Bay's a crystal line of light,
A dazzling orb now blinds the eyes,
And mortal spirit-levels rise.

IN LENT

HE leaden rain incessant weeps,
The gray-garbed earth with moisture steeps,
The Easter-lily hidden sleeps
In lowly prison.

The penitential season run,
The warmth of Heaven's uplifting Sun
Draws heart of Man and flower as one,
For Christ has risen.

EASTER IN SAN FRANCISCO

THE weeping heavens but complain
Of Mother Earth's extensive pain;
Through Lent she doth in travail lie
That fruit and flower she may supply.
And when the Easter sun shall glow,
The land a beauteous face will show,
With buds outbursting into flowers
As radiant-hued as rainbow showers.
The travail crowned with joy at last,
Forgotten is the sorrow past.

* * * * * * *

On ashen heaps the flowers bloom.
O'er hollowed ruin buildings loom.
The quake and fire feed a past;
A radiant city rises fast,
In garments of a newly born
She greets with hope the Easter morn.

THE EARTHQUAKE BABE

'Neath a flame-lighted sky, amid terror and strife,
He had breathed out his first feeble effort of life,
But, raised from the chill of a quiescent breast
In the arms of a child-stricken pity,
He had builded a home amid homeless unrest
In the heart of a ruin-strewn city.

CALIFORNIA VIOLETS

O RAIN-WET flowers! I culled you all
To drape you as a purple pall
On a wintry memory;
The fragrance of your sundered lives
With subtle influence revives
A hope of Spring to me.

Go, breathe the thought inspired in my breast,
And bring to other lives a Spring-tide blest.

IN CHINATOWN SLUMS

THE cherry orchard was bright with bloom,
A wind swept through the fragrant trees;
No blossom that fell was fairer than she,
While he was the blighting breeze.

In a pang of longing for girlhood fled
With Love that blasted, she knew not how,
She donned a muslin like blossoms shed;
He had loved her once—he could save her now.

He was showing some friends through Chinatown slums
When he saw her face, so wistful and fair;
He smelt the fragrant cherry-blooms
In her belt and the fluffy mass of hair.

"Turn your face away." He cast down his eyes
As he saw her over the casement lean.
"These are moral lepers," with pious disgust,
And he hurried onward, "unclean! unclean!"

ON THE ROAD TO SAUSALITO

THERE a shady road is winding down to
Sausalito Bay,
There's a little girl a-walking and a-
dreaming all the way,
While the sunshine-flecks are catching at her wavy
wind-blown hair,
And a-kissing dusty dimples in her arms so brown
and bare.

Where an open gap, revealing, shows the marsh-
land silvery green,
Near the blue Bay with its islands, and beyond the
City's sheen,
She's a-standing and a-gazing wistfully across the
Bay;
And I know of whom she's dreaming, little wind-
blown maid in gray!

THE HUMAN HEART

THE heart two portals opens wide:
One to the friends on every side;
But, veiled behind a curtain thin,
They cannot see the thoughts within.
Deep in a corner is a door:
Here, naught obscuring hangs before,
And secrets of a heart lie bare
To those we love; to those who care.

THE MARSH

NO LONGER is the marsh-land a thing one might despise,
For Summer dipped her paint-brush into the depths of skies
To tint the low expanses with roseate-purple sheen.
She blued the pools and channels with clouded turquoise-green.
And now the bordering mountains, all burned a somber brown,
Devoid of Spring-time color, with mighty envy frown.

NIGHTFALL

HEN the meadow-larks are calling
In a sweet and sleepy way,
And the busy world is resting after day,
When the tired hands are idle,
And the mind can seek its play,
Then the dreams of old ambitions
Come with sad, resistless sway,
And life is worth the while;
For the weary heart can smile
At all the petty worries of the day.

A SEQUOIA NUN

DOWN columned cloisters, dim and green,
she walks,
A nun-like creature, thoughtful, sweet and
rare.
Her heart attunes to matins with the birds,
She hears, head bowed, each rustling leaflet's prayer.
The world's frivolities are far away
In distant cities gathered round the Bay,
And life of Love and Strife seek not this maid
Sworn to a sisterhood with woodland shade.

WOODLAND LOVERS

HE dying summer's breath, sweet-scented, prayed
For happy hearts encouraged in her shade.
So Indian summer, with the balmiest days,
Extends the limit of the season's plays.
The rustling leaves, down-dropping to the feet,
Whisper that days are flying, heedless one!
The crispy dry bits 'neath your steps repeat
"Be warned!" for soon the woodland play is done;
So bind your hearts while still is fragrance shed
That, in the rain and chill when summer's fled,
You may be cheered by love, and then recall
The tender woods, and that charmed scene of all.

ST. DOROTHY'S REST

IN A redwood grove its glories hide.
There 's a rustic cross on the mountainside,
By mother-love lifted, pain-crucified;
A bit of peace on a mountain crest
Is St. Dorothy's Rest.

When the fire-light shines in the cheerful gloom,
The pictured child, in the living-room,
Smiles down on the health and joy expressed
By the crippled children in the nest
At St. Dorothy's Rest.

The brown chapel doors have opened wide,
For the halt and the lame, and the woodland bride;
The stream of life is broad and blest
That flows through the gate, with rough bark drest,
At St. Dorothy's Rest;

For when the birds, with their chattering gay,
Make love in Nature's happiest way,
From the building of their woodland home
Till the eggs are hatched and the birdlings flown,
There are crippled children in the nest
Of St. Dorothy's Rest.

THE WOODSMAN

HERE once Kit Carson trod the trail
To valley depths below,
The woodsman drives his four-horse team
With many a hoarse halloo.
The same tall pines chant ceaselessly
As when in Carson's ear
They sounded warning requiems,
But the woodsman does not hear.
The blazoned way, the granite shapes,
No meaning to him brings;
He takes his way at dusk of day,
And, fearless, loudly sings.

SNOW ON TAMALPAIS

ALREADY hint of flowers show
On every sloping side;
For roses blow,
And row on row
The scarlet glow
Of hedges, where geraniums hide,
Leads to the valley side.

Against the azure sky asleep,
The well-known outlines rise,
But white and deep;
A silvered heap,
With crystal sweep,
Now drapes her, bride-like, where she lies,
The Maid of Tamalpais!

AT BRACKEN BRAE

THE noisy stream with grave intent
Hums out a requiem of content,
As drifting leaves upon its breast
Float downward to a peaceful rest.
The frail leaf knows one season's span,
But we, of the great Human Clan,
Brief season of content can claim,
Then drift to much we cannot name.
How many by this fern-fringed brink
Have stooped from brimming cup to drink
And felt the heart responsive thrill
To droning hiss and rushing rill?
Where are they now? The stream's reply
Unchanging rumbles droning by.

The Streams of Life forever flow
Where human faith alone can go.
The bright Tomorrow is the song
Reëchoed as they flow along.
Eternity's the minor strain,
Eternity's the deep refrain
Of woods and streams, with soft regret
Lest we weak mortals should forget.

KINSHIP

A LONG low stretch where winding rivers shine,
The sleepy call of birds, the low of kine,
A toiler, black against a sky aflame,
Look at this picture. Can you give the name?

If near that sailboat, seen as if on land,
A windmill stirred, then Holland were at hand.
If loomed a camel thwart that sunset sky,
A distant caravan, and palm trees high,
It would be Egypt and the Nile, no doubt.
It is our San Joaquin with these left out.

A long low stretch where winding rivers shine,
The sleepy call of birds, the low of kine,
A toiler, black against a sky aflame,
All men are kin; all lives and views the same.

THE OLD TRAIL

A BLEACHED gray road to the Divide
Along the old Kit Carson trail,
Its powdered granite dust conceals
The gist of many an old-time tale.
The feet of brawny men, close-pressed,
Have halted to defend their own,
And pathos, love, and tragedy
This winding trail has known.
The blazoned tree-trunks mark their graves,
And reminiscent travelers hear
The tall pines chant a requiem,
In memory of the pioneer,
For many strove, and loved, and died
On the old trail to the Divide.

WOODLAND GOSSIP

A HEAVENLY quiet brooded o'er the trees,
My thoughts attuned to rustling leaves and breeze,
Whose kindly whispers set my doubts at ease;
When hoarsely rose a clamoring of crows
Black-omened, overhead amidst the green,
My secret they proclaimed as gossips will,
But I cared not who thought it well or ill,
For from the shadows tripped my maid serene.

AMBITION AND DUTY

AMBITION is a song of joy; a striving
For blossoms far above the normal ease;
While Duty is a monotone: a weeding
About the soil-tamped roots that mother these.

THE EAGLE DANCE

THE young braves beat with muffled bone,
The old squaws drone in monotone,
The circling dancer giddy swirls.
Now high, now low, he swings and whirls,
Then slow his wingèd arms extend,—
They dip, with bird-like swoop they bend;
His body crouches for the flight,
Head forward thrust, eyes steely bright.

A naked body, sinewy, brown,
An eagle's feather tops his crown;
Upon his lean bare arms are bound
An eagle's wings. There's not a sound
Escapes the straight, unconquered mouth
Of this sad Redman of the south.
The visions of an eagle rise
And hide the curious white men's eyes.
Young, bold as in the days of yore
He sees the mighty eagle soar.

With swoop, and dip, new energy
He dances, dreaming he is free.

THE HIGH SIERRAS

O MIGHTY mountains, misty-crowned and bare,
I grieve to dwell so far from you; so low
I cannot raise my eyes and see the snow
Upon your cloud-encircled crests in air!
And yet, remembering, I'm with you there.
Beloved Sierras! any other view
Loses its charm if once compared with you,
And longing still I wander everywhere,
Your lofty grandeur carved upon my heart
As on a graven tablet, for all time,
Unchanged, and durable as stone,
With influence that never can depart;
For petty worries shrank from the Sublime
That voiceless came upon me there, alone.

THE JAPANESE WIND-BELL

O BELL of a pagan temple,
That with Nature's softest sigh
Breathes a prayer of a Shinto priesthood,
What mean you to such as I?
Can you tinkle reverential prayers of a Christian kind
With all those gaudy emblems made for the heathen mind?
The tri-shaped blue meant Fugi,
The Sacred Mount of Love,
But blue and Faith are symbols,
And Faith can mountains move;
The strips of long wistaria
Are gay of Hope expressed;
The flowered squares are tokens
Of Charity, world-blessed.

So, Bell, with your tinkling message,
Breathe many a double prayer
For the *peace* of the One and the Other
Who worship with you there.

POSING

Y DEAR little maid of Japan,
A-flirting and twirling your fan,
There is rouge on your cheek,
And a dimple that's deep,
O quaint little maid of Japan!

I'm sure that your gown and the rest,
The sash, and the gay flowered vest,
E'en the fan in your hand,
All came from the land
Of the coy little maid of Japan.

You're posing remarkably well,
And really I ought not to tell,
But the hand that's in sight
Is a trifle too white
For a brown little maid of Japan.

For you are a fraud, I am sure,
Though your looks are so meek and demure,
And the photo, I fear,
Will show plainly, my dear,
That you are no maid of Japan.

THE SIERRAS

YE LOFTY ones whose blunt uplifted crests
Show purple-gray through distances of blue,
The mighty image of your spirit rests
Upon me now, at memory of you,
And grayish Trouble glints with brighter hue.
How often, lying on your rugged breasts,
Have I divorced those most unwelcome guests
Called Worriments. 'T was as you said,
"To thine own self be true."
I felt your ponderous call to me,
O mighty mountains of a glorious West!
And like the Psalmist lifting up mine eyes,
Absorbed a strength from heights I could not see,
Absorbed endurance also, with the rest,
O hoary-crowned Sierras, grave and wise!

THE WEST

HE choicest colors the eye can hold,
Turquoise and crimson, purple and
gold,
Glow in the West.
The finest thoughts when the day grows cold
Bring peace and hope if the fretting soul
Looks to the West.
With the world progressing every day,
The same old watch-word paves the way,
"On to the West."

HERE ENDS BY THE BAY, A BOOK OF VERSE BY LUCIA E. LORING (SMITH). FRONTISPIECE FROM A BAS-RELIEF MODELED BY BRADETTA L. SMITH. OF THIS EDITION TWO HUNDRED & FIFTY COPIES WERE IMPRINTED BY THE TOMOYE PRESS, SAN FRANCISCO, FOR PAUL ELDER & COMPANY, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF J. H. NASH, IN THE YEAR NINETEEN HUNDRED & NINE.

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